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Tomás Segovia · *Mexico*

AT THE SOURCES

Whoever unweaves love
Is the one who unweaves me
But it's no one
Love undoes itself
Like the braid of a river
Unbraided in the sea
I am not woven of love
I am woven of weaving it
Of taking from my lonely looms
This tyrannical task
Eternally abandoning
the receding fringe
To dissipation and its stupid yawn
And I only escape from its horror
By gathering all of myself unwarily
In the place where the weave is born.

DAWN OF TOMORROW

Dweller, are you listening
This murmur of stars has never ceased
Within you great shadows are listening to it
There are two unequal silences
The night of your hearing
Is violent and closed and starless
In the muteness listens
Breathless agony listens
But you have not died if everything does not die
Love destroys and restores you